

LIVING IN A GREAT BIG WAY

nothing ever happened in the Mexican bar, I went there night after night and nobody tried to kill me and I got tired of that and found a Chinese bar hidden behind tall trees and I drank away the nights trying to forget that I was a stockboy for the May Company. after the bar closed I'd go back to my room and drink in bed, in the dark.

each day I arrived at the department store, put on my brown smock and took supplies to the various areas, rolling along behind my green truck, I was always deathly hungover but nobody noticed, the other stockboys never spoke to me.

it was always the same, some bar at night and my green truck during the day.

I had the feeling that I could break anybody in half, just pick them up and snap their backbones but I was always polite, excessively so.

then it happened, I got into a fist fight in the candy room with a stockboy they called Charles Atlas and he beat the hell out of me.

then that night I got into a fight with a Chinaman and he beat the hell out of me too.

I took the bus to Houston, got a job in a gas station and switched from wine to vodka.